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DUMPTY HUMPTY;

OR,

Der Velocipeder.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY GUS PHILLIPS.

It vas New Year's, und all round de town
Efery person, shord und dall,
Vas goin round *fon* house do house
For do make dot New Year's call,
Und efery dug vas lifely gay
Und all vas feelin fine,
Und some vas in dot vay dot comes
Van you dook a gread deal Vine.

Und von dere vas dot vas oud dot day
Hese name vas Mikey Breet,
Und hese veight vas a hunert und dirty pouns
Dot is in hese stockings feet—
In size of heighd he vas not qwite high,
He vos oney bout dree foot den,
Bud dot vas on count hese back vos broke
Und he hat der Crecian Bend.

Vell Mikey vas oud dot New Year's day
Makin syverial calls,
Und of course vas puddin avay some cakes
Along mit some Cordial Balls—
Und he vas feelin chust as fine
As a glass boy mit a bully eye,
Und he kind of dought dot he vas den
Boud elefen or eighd feet high.

Dot Mikey he hat a German frend,
Dot leefed in der Bowery shtreed,
He vas Endry-clerk in a Barber's shtore
Und he owned a Velousypede—
So Mikey he dinked mittin hese mind
Dot he'd go saw hese frend,
Und away he vent mit all his mighd
Und all hese Crecian Bend.

He found hess frend hat chust gone oud,
Bud vood be back in a hour or dree,
So he sit him down glose by der stofe
As wailcome as dot can be.
Along by der stofe, in der nice und varm
Sot dot Mikey Breet,
Ven all of a suddend he happen do look
Und he see dot Velousypede.

You see der Shop vas radder shmall,
Mich shmaller den der Rent,
Und de gif der Velousypede plandy of room
Dey shtood it up on der end.
Und Mike doughd it was a Sissors-grind
Und he says to der Barber's vife:—
"Of you blease can I use dot masheen?"
"I vood like to make sharp my knife."

Und der Barber's boy he laff-d oud loud—
Mike vas der creenest he efer hat seed—
Und he says (und hese nose vas full mit kinks):
"Vy dots a Velousypede."
"A Velousypede! un vat is dot?"
Dot Mikey Breet replied—
"Vy a Velousypede dots a dwo-veeled cart"
"For a person do dook a ride."

"For a person do dook a ride—vell, vell,"
"Und how does dot go, mit shteam?"
"No, no, you vork dot mit your feet
"Chust like a Sewing masheen."
"Vell, I never see someding like dot before,"
"By Crashus I am a dunce,"
"Chust dook it oud by der front of der shtore"
"Und kind of shpin dot vonce."

So dey dook it oud on der level valk
Un der boy got in der seat,
Und bein a Velousypeder
He vent sailin down der shtreet;
Und Mikey he coodent make dot out
How der boy can go so shmart—
Den der boy got off and Mike chumped on
For do dry dot dwo-veeled cart.

Und der boy he gif him a awful bush,
Und der veels vent shpinnin round,
Und Mikey dumped face ofer head
Und landed on der cround.
He shtopped his nose on a big curbshtone
As he fell ond of hess place,
Und hese nose dot gracked like a leedle gun
Und he broke in all hese face.

Und der Velousypede dot keeped ride on
Dill it got do der Cendral Bark,
Vere dwo boleesmans dook it in
For bein oud afder dark—
Und der Crowser he come und sot on Mike
Und der Chury dey dit dycide
"Dot he didn't haf no balance, cause
Hese Hump dot vas all von side."

Und der Barber he vent und selled hese lease
Und der plitness dot vent do vaste,
Und now hess in Hy-meraly shtreet
A makin dot Chew-chew baste—
Und der big feet boy dot gif der bush
Run of mit der Barber's vife.
Den cut hese droat from his ear to hese eye
Mit der Barber's best shaving knife.

THE LATE SOL. SMITH, Veteran Actor and Manager.

For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BORROWED ANGEL.

"Ye'll no see yet, sir, what I'm driving at, maybe," said Duncan, after a pause; "but I'll soon tell ye."

"Indeed I don't, my good friend, or what interest you can take in me or my work."

"A great ane, sir—the interest that's a' gathered round the grave o' ane dearer than a' the warld to me. Ye only heard the hisses, ye say; I wish ye could hae heard oor applause, and seen the tears that fell frae my wife's een. I have nae seen her shed ony before for mony a long year."

"If I could have known that there was only *one* in all that dreadful, disapproving crowd to whose heart the story I told in the play went home, it would have taken off some of the bitterness," said Eugene, speaking half to himself; "but I stood alone—a mark for all their jeers, all their scoffing disapprobation."

"There was Miss Alice, Mrs. Stanley I should say, forbye us," Duncan returned. "She was with ye, sir, heart and soul. I didna see her there, but I saw her after, and her bonny een were a' red wi' the tears she had shed."

"Aye, she is always good, always kind; but go on, Duncan, go on."

"Weel, sir, ye mind the scene in the play where the deein' barin seads its faither to the garden to fetch it a wee bit posy that it may feel the smell o' the roses afore it gangs awa."

"Remember. Aye, I thought that would have touched them, it touched me to write it; but I was wrong, Duncan, I was wrong, it was too natural; a horrible murder in a filthy den, or a scene from the heathen mythology, where shameless women could have shown themselves as nearly naked as the police rgulations would permit, would have pleased the refined audience much better. Bah! it's sickening to think of it."

"You're wrong, Mr. Dubois, and time will show that ye are. Weel, that scene touched oor vera hearts, for the same words as your pen put intae the bonnie mou o' that little player child were ance spoken to me by my ain deein' bairn."

Duncan's face twitched as he spoke, and he drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes before he went on.

"Ye see me and my missis growing auld oor lane," he said; "but there was a time when oor silent house echoed wi' the sound o' a bairn's pattering feet and lightsome noise, and at night by the ingle neuk there sat a bonnie wee creature wi' golden hair and bright blue een. She was oor only ane. Providence saw fit to gie us nae mair, and it's only them that has but ane that can tell how we lo'ed our little Jeanie. You'll ken something o' oor love, Mr. Dubois, when you look at your bonnie boy!"

Eugene sighed as he thought of little Stanley. The love that he saw beaming out of every lineament of this poor gardener's face when he spoke of his dead child lived not in his heart for his only son. He was proud of him, and in his way he loved him, but not with a love like this. Wild ambition first, and bitter and scornful disappointment afterwards, had taken the place of the natural affection which he should have given to those dependent upon him, and Duncan's words woke him to a sense of it. He did not speak, and the gardener went on:—

"But it wasna the wull o' Heaven that we should keep oor treasure. I've often thought sin' that time that she wasna oors at a', but just ane o' God's angels that he'd lent us for a wee while to brighten oor hame and mak' oor path through life mair pleasant. She was mair like an angel than onything belonging to earth, and the time came at last when He who gave her wanted his ain again, and she went. It was a sair time for us," Duncan went on, drawing his hand once more across his eyes. "We hoped and hoped on, seeing her aye nae calm and happy for she didna seem to suffer. It was just a fading o't o' this world to brighten in the the next, nae mair; and it was nae gradual that we couldna see the steps she made towards the grave. At length it came. One sunny summer's day, when the roses were in full bloom, and the sun was shining and the birds singing, and every breath o' the sweet air that came in through the window was loaded wi' the scent o' a' the flowers outside, as though the summer breezes were happy spirits waiting to bear her innocent soul awa' to its proper hame. We'd been beside her a' the nicht—her mother and I, for we could feel that the end was near; she'd been sleeping a guid bit, and in the morning, about eleven o'clock or thereabouts, she waked up, bright and clear. 'It's almost good-bye now, father,' says she, looking out o' the window as though she saw afar off the new country she was going to. We could only cry and kiss her. We were in sore grief; but she was happy. Then she lay still a long time, and after a bit she starts up a little and looks at me:—'Faither,' she says in her pretiy voice, that I should so soon hear nae mair. 'What is it, my darling?' 'Gae down to the garden and pu' me a flower,' she says, just as the bairn in the play did, 'and bring it here for me to see; I shall never see anither i' this warld.' I went and pu'd the finest and sweetest I could find, and took them to her wet with my tears. She lookit at them, and smelt them, and says—'Faither, dear, is the dew nae aff them yet?' Then she saw what the dew was, and drew me down to kiss her. 'Kiss me too, mither,' says she, 'and perhaps God Almighty'll let me come back again and comfort you sometime; wha kens?'

"Naebody kens, Mr. Dubois; but mony a time when we've felt comforted in our loneliness, it has seemed to us as though the little angel spirit that we cae'd oor Jeanie for so short a time was hovering near us and putting comfortable thoughts into our hearts. Weel, she died; those flowers were the last she ever did see, and they lay on her pillow when this world's light died out o' her een in the shadow o' the valley which bars the passage to the next, and we put them in her coffin. Ye can guess and feel now what it was to my wife and me to sit and see what your play showed us. I tell you we cried like twa babies, and when we went hame Elsie and me could dae nought but speak o't. 'I feel,' says she, 'as though yon man had just raised an everlasting monument to our darling's memory. I'd like to do something for him in our dead child's name.' 'Weel,' says I, 'I'll think o't, Elsie, and if I can dae ony thing for him, for his puir, ailing wife, or his wee bit bairn;' and sae I cam' here."

"But you can do nothing, my good friends," Eugene broke in, thoroughly touched by Duncan's story. "I thank you for what you have said to me. If ever an honest man's words could wake up a struggling spirit into fresh energy, yours will mine. You have made me feel that the world is not all heartless, since you have shown me that true appreciation you have for my humble efforts. You are very kind, and I thank you heartily; but as for helping me, you cannot do that, I must try and extricate myself from the difficulties that have come upon me the best way I can—God knows how."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I think I hae dune something, and I hope in a way that'll nae offend ye when ye come to think it ower. It was my wife's plan; she's a wise heid, has my Elsie; and the doctor told her that rest o' mind wad dae mair for your lady than even rest o' body, and we baith thocht that she couldna hae muckle o' that, wi' tradesmen coming continually spiering for you, and making their business public property, and a servant lass ganging here and there aboot the village boasting o' her fidelity tae her mistress when she got naething for it (she'll nae dae that again, I'm thinking); and sae, sir, me and my wife resolved to try, for the sake o' our dead bairn, to mak' things a wee bit smooth for ye."

"But I do not understand," said Eugene, in bewilderment. "I cannot accept help from you, Duncan; it would be a rascally thing on my part under present circumstances. What do you mean?"

"I've something here as'll tell ye, sir; ye needna be feared o' ony ane kenning aught aboot it. I've dune a' in your name, as ye'll find. Tak' this wee bundle o' papers, and think they are a gift from the dead and gane bairn, whose memory you recalled sae pleasantly, to the puir wife up stairs and the bonny boy out yonder."

He thrust the roll of bills into Eugene's hands and went off abruptly without another word. The door had closed behind him, and he had reached the garden gate before the master of Fairy Villa had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to look at what he held, and when he did his astonishment knew no bounds. Receipted bills from his tradesmen and paid by Duncan M'Shee! His first impulse was one of bitter mortification and rage; but when he came to consider calmly, and to remember the old man's manner when speaking, he could not attribute the generous act to any but the actual motive which prompted it—a desire to serve him.

"He shall be paid," he murmured, as he looked over the bills and found no trace of Duncan's interference among them—"paid, noble heart, if I work my life away to do it."

Every account was endorsed "Received of Mr. Dubois," and Eugene soon felt the fact that the helping hand and heart which had stepped in between him and the tradespeople's threats had gone about their mission with tact and delicacy. The shopkeepers called for orders, in many cases with apologies for having sent in their small accounts, and once more he held up his head among his fellows, at least before all but Duncan M'Shee. He could not meet the man who had helped him with the spirit of one of nature's noblemen without shame and humiliation, knowing that the restored comfort of his home, the attention of his servant and the brighter looks of his wife and child were all due to the aid of this humble gardener. He fancied that every one could read his secret, and he took to writing furiously in the hope that he would produce something which would hit the taste of the public and repay him for the months of misery he had gone through since he had ceased to keep his Pegasus in sufficient harness. But his efforts lacked spirit and his success was but small. What seemed lively sketches and brilliant satires in MS. proved, when read, only bitter sarcasms and pointed personalities, and more than one reviewer advised him to give up authorship, at least for a time, and try whether resting on his oars would not give him energies for fresh work.

"Rest on my oars," he said bitterly, after reading one of these, "while the grass grows, etc. How easy it is to talk when nothing is known."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRETARY.

FLORENCE, December 2d, 18—.

"MY DEAR DUBOIS.—Authorized by my father, and instigated also by Alice, I once more write to you. We have heard—no matter how—of how affairs are going with you, and we have one more suggestion to offer you to help to mend them. Will you take the post of librarian and secretary to Lord St. Aubyn? We can settle terms when we return, and you can enter upon the duties of the situation at once. I fancy it will be work suited to you, and the library at Stanley Hope sadly wants a hand like yours to put it in order. We quite count upon your acceptance of the offer, and therefore enclose a cheque in case you need money. Drop me a line per return to the Pitti Hotel, and let us know how Marie is. We expect to return in March. Alice is beginning to long to get home, and we may have many things to see to when we arrive. My wife and mother both desire to be remembered to Marie, and Sir Marcus, who is in Florence just now, makes particular inquiries after the boy. I think he would like to adopt him, and you might do worse than let him have his whim; he is rich enough. Believe me, yours truly, "GERALD STANLEY."

"E. Dubois, Esq., Fairy Villa."

This letter was put into Eugene's hand as he sat by the bedside of his dying wife—for dying she undoubtedly was now—and he read it to her.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do! Oh, take it; it will be bread for you and the boy, and I shall not mind—I will not mind, dear Eugene. I am dying, and it will not matter to me."

"You will not mind! What do you mean, Marie?"

"I will not mind your going there, to the house where *she* lives. You love her, and you only pity me."

"My dear Marie, what has put such a thing in your head?"

"Yourself. I heard you tell her that your love was hers—only hers; and that I—oh, God forgive me! I hated her that night, good as she has been to me; she could not help it—perhaps you could not. I am glad I am dying; you will not long be troubled with your unloved wife."

He could say nothing to soften her grief; she had seen and heard for herself, and the sting was too deeply planted to be uprooted easily.

He could only strive to show his repentance by every attention to her wishes—every little thing that he thought would please her; and Marie would smile and thank him, but when she was alone she would clasp her boy, and weep over him passionately, wishing they could die together and rest in the same quiet grave, where sorrow could never touch them more. Eugene took the offered post, and found the servants of Stanley Hope prepared to submit the library to his care and inspection, and even their readiness galled him.

"They were sure of their servant, my lord and his son," he said bitterly, when he had been installed in the grand old room. "I fancy I can hear them discussing my folly and my wasted life over their wine. How shall I bear their patronage—their insolent condescension? I trust they'll give me some time to myself—some place where I can now and then be alone."

All the drawbacks and discomforts of his position existed in himself; his mind was warped and unstrung, and he could see good in nothing. When the families returned, and he was treated with the old cordiality, he was cold and stiff, and they were hurt, and ceased to make any overtures. Outside the house it was currently reported that he was going, what the villagers called, "wrong in his head," his demeanor changed so much.

Lord St. Aubyn had no reason to find fault with the manner in which he performed his duties, and treated him with proper courtesy, though with a slight degree of hanteur, evoked by the new secretary's own stiff and absent manner. Gerald rarely visited the library or met his former friend, and when he did only gave him a passing greeting. Alice was as gentle and as kind as ever. Her lovely, girlish face and manner had taken the slightly chastened tinge which marks the change from a girl to a woman; but she looked inexpressibly happy, and her very happiness was a source of misery to the wretched, self-tortured Eugene. He went moodily backward and forward, day after day, till at length Lord St. Aubyn, who seldom noticed him except on matters of business, remarked upon the change in him to Gerald.

"I do believe he has ridden his Pegasus till it has fairly bolted with him; I shouldn't be surprised at his going crazy. Poor fellow, he was a fine lad, too."

"I haven't patience with him," Gerald replied, as indeed he had not. "He has brought all his troubles on himself. Look at his neglected home; look at that fine boy utterly lost for want of proper care; at his wife, poor soul."

"Oh, he won't be troubled with her long. Maybe her death will rouse him into a sense of duty to his child and the rest of the world; however, it's no business of ours as long as he does his work here."

"But he doesn't do it. I caught him scribbling poetry yesterday. Bah! it was more like the raving of a maniac than anything else, and he looked as bewildered over it as a lunatic, and maundered out something about my having broken the thread. What business had he with any threads of rhyme or rubbish when he ought to have been about his work?"

"You are hard upon your old friend, my boy."

"Hard! Oh, if you only knew. But I don't want to do him harm. Only let him keep to his place; that's all."

"Knew what?"

"Something I once saw and heard. I don't want to to say or think ill of Eugene; but I can't forget it. You don't understand, father. Sometime I will explain all; tell you everything."

Lord St. Aubyn was puzzled, but he did not press Gerald's confidence. He left it to time. But the knowledge of his son's concealed enmity towards the man he once regarded with such warm friendship acted upon him and made him colder than ever towards Eugene. The secretary made no move towards any renewal of his former footing in the family. He seemed desirous to be entirely a servant, and nothing more. He attended to his duties with scrupulous regularity, never missing a moment or shirking any of his work. Yet, with all this, he was not a satisfactory secretary, his temper was unequal and uncertain and his handwriting sometimes clear and distinct, sometimes almost illegible. One morning his employer took occasion to speak to him sharply, and was surprised to find his remarks received with a dull apathy very unlike the usual fiery temper of Eugene. The evening of the same day they learned from Duncan M'Shee that Marie was dying—that she could not live through the night—and his lordship expressed his regret that he had spoken to him as he had done.

"Poor fellow!" he said to Gerald. "His grief has made him stupid; I was selfish not to think of that."

"His grief!" was the reply. "He will not grieve much for Marie, father."

"Not grieve for his wife! Why, what do you mean, Gerald? Would you not grieve if Alice were to die."

"I don't love another man's wife; he does."

"Love another man's wife!"

"Yes—mine; now you have my secret. Eugene loves Alice and had the audacity to tell her so. I heard it—poor Marie heard: it has killed her, for she lost all that made life happy to her. It did not hurt me—I have still Alice and happiness; but my friendship for him died out from that hour."

"But why did you not speak of this before—why consent to his being taken into the house?"

"Because I would not seem to doubt my wife; Alice behaved like an angel and has ever since. I have no need to dread Eugene—I only hate him."

"Does Alice know that you have heard anything?"

"No."

"Tell her, my boy. Have no secrets from our darling. There may be less in it than we think."

"I *saw* and *heard*—it was no fancy; but we will tell Alice if you like."

So the young wife was told the secret that was weighing down her husband with such a load of care, and she told her story in return—save that once Eugene had never spoken a disrespectful word to her, and she attributed even that to the circumstances of the evening and to their mutual excitement. She admitted that she had kept away from the library as much as possible since his arrival, more for Gerald's sake than her own; but she was more glad than she could tell that they knew all about it, for the secret had been heavy to her as well as to her husband. Somehow or other her artless story lifted a great load from Gerald's heart, and he was prepared to receive Eugene the next day with more cordiality than he had felt towards him for a long time. They were going to town shortly; Alice would have her round of duties as a leader of fashion, and Eugene would have his at Stanley Hope, and would go well, he trusted. He little thought that before four-and-twenty hours had passed over their heads there would come a terrible ending to all his self inflicted fears. Eugene was late the next morning, very late, and Lord St. Aubyn having important letters to answer, and an appointment besides, was proportionately aggrieved. An hour after his usual time he went to the library, and was surprised to hear a voice through the open door before he entered. It was so harsh and unlike Eugene's that he paused before entering and listened.

"Take off your cap," he heard him say. "This is a *lord's* house. You stood bareheaded just now in the presence of *death*. You mustn't wear your cap in the library of a *lord*. Ha! ha! I cannot smirk nor flatter; I'll teach you the art. So you shall do well and prosper, boy; so you shall thrive."

"Who is he talking to, I wonder?" said the peer to himself, peering cautiously through the door, and seeing Eugene seated in his customary chair, with his little son standing on the floor before him, and gazing at him with wondering eyes.

He looked haggard and worn, as though he had been up all night, and his usually neat linen was soiled and crumpled. His eyes were bloodshot and his face unshaven, while his hands shook, so that the little cap he held quivered like the leaves of a tree in the wind.

"He must have been drinking," was Lord St. Aubyn's first thought as he looked at him, and he entered the room with a reproach on his lips which made his first words sound harsh and unfeeling.

For the moment he had forgotten Marie, or he might have spoken kindly to the stricken man before him.

"You are very late, Mr. Dubois," he said. "I must request you to be more attentive. If that is your child may I beg you to ring and have him sent home; we have important business to transact."

Eugene clutched the child closer to him and glared at his employer.

"Wild beasts take care of their children," he said, "I must take care of mine. I will work out the hour; I am late, my lord. I will be your most humble, submissive servant now. Do you wish to know what has made me late this morning? You have a right, you know; I only waited to close my dead wife's eyes; I did not even stay to see her in her shroud before I came here to work. Ha! ha! to work."

He burst into a fit of laughter so wild and unnatural that the terrified child vainly strove to shrink out of his arms and cried with fear, and Lord St. Aubyn started back aghast.

"I did not know—I had no idea," he began in confusion. "Pray forgive me, my boy, and go home at once. Leave the child here and go back and rest."

"Rest for me, a servant! No, my lord, my work, if you please. I'll do it; I'm strong, well, clear headed. See!" He took up a pen and began to write hastily, but the words scrawled off into unreadable scribblings and his head sank upon the table.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAD.

Lord St. Aubyn was seriously alarmed at the aspect of his secretary and the utter despair in which he seemed to be plunged.

"You are ill, Eugene," he said—"very ill; and I was harsh. You must go home immediately; but first you must take something. I have wine here."

He rose to reach it from a buffet near; but, as he did so, a servant appeared at the door, announcing a gentleman on particular business.

"I will be back in a minute," he said, turning to Eugene, who still sat with his head upon his hands. "Take a glass of wine and try to compose yourself while I am gone. James, set it on the table."

The man did as he was bid, his heart full of pity for the forlorn husband and the pretty, motherless child; for the news that Marie was dead had followed her husband to the house. He ventured to speak a few words, but there was no reply, and he closed the door softly and reverently on a sorrow he could do nothing to soothe. Little did the peer foresee the consequences of his leaving his secretary alone only for the short time his absence lasted. What occurred after he returned made a regret for him which he carried to his grave, and laid a weight of sorrow and remorse on Gerald which shadowed his happiness for many a long year. Some of the servants carried the tidings to Alice that Marie was dead and Eugene in the library, and, thinking only of how she might console and help him, she hurried thither. She had no idea that her father-in-law was not there, and it was only when she reached the door that she perceived that Eugene was alone, save the child. She paused a moment in the doorway. The thought of the past flashed into her mind; but he was in great sorrow, and no thought of harm or wrong ever entered her pure heart. Great sorrow, truly. His own over-wrought brain was trembling in the balance between sanity and madness and needed only a feather weight to turn the scale. She only saw the grief, the drooping head, the nerveless attitude, and like a ministering angel she drew close to his side. Very lovely she looked in her soft, white morning dress, standing amid the old oak furniture of the antique room, a thing of light and life and loveliness, whose very presence would bring hope and comfort with it. She came up to where he sat, laid her soft hand—the one where glittered her wedding ring—upon his shoulder.

"Eugene," she said. "Mr. Dubois, will you not speak to me?"

He raised his white drawn face, and answered mechanically:—"Yes, my Lord. I—I—beg your pardon."

"It is not my lord," she returned, in a pitying tone; "it is I—Mrs. Stanley—Alice. I came to tell you how sorry we are, and to see if we could do anything for you. Give me your little boy, and let me keep him for a few days till you are settled again."

"Settled!" he exclaimed, with a fierce laugh; "when? where? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stanley, you asked for the boy. Take him, and welcome; take him, and welcome."

"I am sorry to see you like this," she said, drawing the frightened child towards her; "very sorry."

"Thank you," he said hastily, before she could say any more. "Sorrow is easily expressed from the lips—more easily, a great deal, than from the heart."

"But we feel it—we do not only speak it—believe me, we do."

"*We!* Who? *You* do, for you are an angel, and angels can pity suffering humanity, but they cannot feel. My lord with his pride, and the other—he who has ever looked, of all men, the coldest on my best efforts—he who might have cheered, but only scorned; who, when one gentle line of friendly and judicious praise would have helped and inspired me to fresh exertions, only held me up to public ridicule, and made the anonymous pages of a newspaper the masked battery from behind the friendly shelter of which he could shoot his arrows to my heart in fancied security. But *I* knew—I recognized the *friendly* hand that aimed the shaft, and its point has rankled here to drive me mad—mad!"

"What do you mean—of whom do you speak?" cried Alice, in horror at his wild words and wilder looks. "I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not; but you shall. The man who did this was your husband, my friend, Gerald Stanley—he who stole *you* from me—my love to all eternity—my wife that should have been!"

Terrified almost to fainting at his glaring looks and vehement actions, Alice looked round for some way to escape, but he seized her hand ere she could make a step towards the door.

"You and I need never part now, Alice," he said, in a low, hissing whisper that chilled her very blood. "We'll die, as everything does on earth. *She's* dead, the laurel tree is withering, and we'll have our turn. You don't love *him*—you can't; it was never meant you should. But we'll begin life again in another world—the eternity that parsons rave about, and you shall be mine, all mine, and the pain and the waiting and the longing shall be his forever and ever."

He was drawing her slowly but surely closer to him as he spoke thus wildly, and she felt both strength and courage going. She dared not scream lest she should drive him to some desperate act, and she strove in vain to still the trembling that shook every limb. He felt her shaking, and threw his arm round her waist, holding her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe, and went on speaking in the terribly unnatural tone that was so dreadful to hear.

"Have no fear, my darling—it would be only a moment—just one little second, and then bliss beyond all time. He will fret, but we shall be happy, and all will be well, for I shall only take my own—take back the jewel he stole from me."

She could feel that he put his hand in his pocket, and in a moment she saw the flashing gleam of something bright as he raised his hand to strike at her. She could not scream, her terror was too great—her voice died in her throat in a gurgling gasp, and she shut her eyes that she might not see the descending blow. But he made a pause, and that moment saved her life.

"One moment more, my darling," he whispered; "one last kiss upon earth before we go."

He bent his head to her cold face, and pressed passionate kisses on her lips, just as Lord St. Aubyn entered the library. Alice just saw her husband's face, white with fury, felt herself roughly whirled away, stretched her hands out to save herself from falling, struck her forehead sharply against something hard, and knew no more. When his lordship left Eugene alone in the library he dispatched his visitor as quickly as he could, and then sought his son.

"I wish you would come with me to poor Dubois," he said, "I am really concerned about him. He came straight from that poor girl's death-bed here, and I do believe he is going out of his senses."

"You had better send him home, sir."

"I told him to go and made James set out some wine for him; he looks really pitiable and I was very harsh with him, not knowing of his trouble."

"Well, I'll come, though I don't see what I can do for him beyond persuading him to go home quietly. Where's Alice? I hope she won't take any romantic notions into her head about comforting him and so forth. Women do such insane things sometimes."

"She couldn't do any harm if she did say a word to him now; but I think you may make yourself easy on that score; I don't suppose she knows he's here."

They went to the library with no feeling but kindness and pity in their hearts towards Eugene, so that the effect of what they saw upon them both can be better imagined than described. To spring upon what they deemed the guilty pair was the work of a moment. With no gentle hand Gerald seized his terrified wife, and tearing her from the arms of the man whom one moment had made him believe her lover, he threw her from him, scarce caring where she fell. His father, with a grip of iron, and all the wild energy of his youth returning, held the collar of Eugene, and, shaking him as though he had been a child, threw him on the floor at his feet.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Ungrateful, heartless wretch! Is this the return for all our kindness and care? Out of my house this instant, and never let me look upon your face again. You are beneath the punishment of a gentleman, and only fit to receive the penalty of a midnight thief or assassin."

The suddenness of the shock seemed in some measure to restore the faculties of Eugene, just as an unexpected incident will sober a drunken man, and he rose feebly and put his hand to his head as though endeavoring to remember. Lord St. Aubyn watched him with a sardonic smile on his face. He thought it was all a piece of acting, this bewilderment, and it was only when the miserable man made a step towards the insensible Alice, whom her husband had made no attempt to raise from the ground, that he interposed.

"Not again, sir," he said, sternly staying Eugene with his stick. "You have outraged us quite enough. We came to this room in pity and sympathy for your sorrow; we thought you crazed by misfortune, but instead of the fool we find the knave, who assumes madness to hide his own wicked purposes—the false serpent that stings the hand that fed him."

Still no word from Eugene—he stood staring at Alice, and apparently not hearing aught that they said to him, nor taking any notice of the little boy, who clung helplessly crying to his legs. After a pause, Gerald spoke; it was a mighty effort, and the words came deadened and hoarse from his white lips.

"As *her* husband I ought to shoot you," he said, "and take your vile life in reparation of the honor you have soiled and the home you have forever made wretched; but your punishment shall be worse than death. If I had the power to make you live forever, with the remembrance of your black ingratitude to weigh you down, I would do it! Coward!—poltroon!—hound! Begone!"

"She's gone!" murmured the wretched maniac, still looking at the inanimate form on the floor; "but with him—by his hand, not mine. Will that be the same, I wonder? It would be no heaven if they came too, and there were blows and stripes and revilings, or aught but Alice and love!"

"Will you go?" shouted Gerald, springing at him, but held back by his father, who saw more clearly than his son's rage would let him the glitter of the eyes, the quivering of the nostrils, and the nervous twitching of the thin fingers, saddest and surest tokens of insanity. "Let him alone, Gerald," he said, "he will go."

"Yes, I'll go—I'll go—all life and happiness have died out of the world—Marie is waiting for me, there, there; but it's cold, wife, cold and dark, give me your hand, so, so."

And groping like a blind man, and stumbling wearily, as though following some one against his will, he went slowly out of the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JINKS AS A TRAVELER.—A man entered a restaurant up town last week and called for a number of viands. After he had devoured all that was placed before him he demanded the amount of his bill. "One dollar and a half," was the reply. "You know me," said he, with a conciliatory smile. "No, I do not," said the attendant. "Well, I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," said the Jeremy Diddler, walking off before the young man could collect himself.

KEEPING SUNDAY.—A sea captain, trading regularly to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied; "yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

THE LATE SOL SMITH,

THE VETERAN ACTOR AND MANAGER.

Solomon F. Smith died in St. Louis, Mo., after a short illness, at his residence, at half-past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, Feb. 14th, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Smith was born at Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y., April 20th, 1801. His father, Levi Smith, was a piper in a volunteer company in the Revolutionary War in his early days. At the close of the war he learned the trade of a goldsmith, married and settled on a military tract of forty acres of land, in Solon, Courtland County, N. Y. Sol. Smith, at nine years of age, went to work on a neighboring farm, where he remained for four years. From thence he went to Boston, where he was taken into his brother Silas' store, but his stay there was brief, for he was of a roving disposition. In 1814 he visited Albany, N. Y., where he became clerk in another brother's store. For three years he contented himself with this place, studying Shakespeare all the time, and finally became a "super" at the Albany Theatre. One night, having bedaubed his face with burnt cork for the play of "Three Fingered Jack," he forgot to wash his face, and in that condition went home and went to bed, black as he was, and in the morning was so discovered by the family, which stopped his play acting at once; he then ran away, bringing up in Troy, but failing in his design he continued his journey, on foot, to Schenectady, Cincinnati and Louisville, in all of which places he failed to obtain a hearing. In the last named place he engaged on the *Herald* as an apprentice to the printing business, working at the case and carrying the papers. His next move was to Vincennes, Ind., where, for a week, he worked on a farm, hoeing corn for twenty-five cents a day, which he gave up with blistered hands, arms and back, and once more engaged as a typo on the *Western Sun*, as an apprentice. He had not been there long before he was made foreman of the establishment. Here it was that he joined a Thespian society, making his *debut* in 1819. His first prominent parts were Dan, in "John Bull," and Numpo, in "'Tis All a Farce." The destruction of the printing office, by fire, caused Sol to move "on to Nashville," where he continued the printing business, but soon retraced his steps to Cincinnati, walking the entire distance of three hundred miles. In the "Queen City" he joined a Thespian society, and his greatest effort was Young Norval. The following year he returned to Vincennes, Ind., and joined Alexander Drake's dramatic company at six dollars a week. As there were but four men, two ladies and two children in the company, a performance of a five act tragedy must have been very interesting, as the following cast of "Pizarro" will show:—"Pizarro, Ataliba, S. Drake; Rolla, Las Casas, Palmer Fisher; Alonzo, Orozembo, Alex. Drake; High Priest, Almagro, Blind Man, Sentinel, Valverde, Guards, Sol Smith; Peruvian Boy, Miss Fisher; Elvira, Priestess of the Sun, Mrs. Fisher; Cora, Mrs. Mongin; Child, Miss Fisher.

Thus Sam Drake (as Pizarro), after planning an attack on the Peruvians while engaged in worship, and assigning his generals their several posts, in the next act is seen (as Ataliba) leading the Indian warriors to battle. He is victorious, and goes to offer up thanks to the gods therefor—when presto, on came the same man again (as Pizarro) smarting from defeat. Sam Drake, after being killed in the last scene, was obliged to fall far enough off the stage to play slow music as the curtain descended.

At the expiration of eight weeks Sol. Smith revisited Cincinnati and commenced to study law, also engaging at the theatre as prompter for the season of 1822. At the close of the season he withdrew from the company and was married, with four dollars and sixty-two cents in his pocket, which he gave the minister. He then started a singing school, and on the 4th of July, 1822, issued a paper called the *Independent Press*, and was one of the first two editors that raised the standard of General Jackson in Ohio. During this season Edwin Forrest appeared at the theatre, and Sol. wrote a piece called "Tailor in Distress," in which Forrest played a negro. At the expiration of a year he sold out his paper and went into the country on a collecting tour. At Lexington he met Drake, who wished to dispose of his dramatic company, and Sol. concluded to become a manager. Edwin Forrest, who was engaged to go with Caldwell, was desirous of going with Sol., but having more honor than is always found among managers new-a-days in that respect, he refused to take him. In an angry mind Forrest engaged with a circus company as *rider* and *tumbler*, at twelve dollars a week, and when Sol. Smith called to see him he found him turning flip-flaps. Sol. persuaded him from going with the circus, and saw him off to New Orleans. Sol. proceeded to Cincinnati in 1822, and opened in the Globe Theatre with the following company:—Henderson, L. Smith, Davis, Sweeney, G. Rowe, Eberle, Joey Williams, Stardevant, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Fenton, Miss Riddle and Miss E. Riddle. The season was a failure, and with a loss of $11.50 he proceeded to Wheeling, Va. He traveled with his company, giving dramatic performances and concerts in the Ohio river towns, and places of sufficient importance in the interior, with varying success. First appeared in Philadelphia at the Tivoli Garden, at very short notice, playing Sheepface in the "Village Lawyer," the Mock Doctor and one other character. At the expiration of the first week, on going for his salary, he was told that he could not play all the best parts and expect to be paid for it. He then went to the Vauxhall Gardens, in the same city, at eight dollars a week, and on salary day received two hundred and sixty-six tickets for drinks at the bar, this being the only payment made by the manager to any of the male members of his company. In 1828 he resided in New Brunswick, N. J., where he played the organ in the Episcopal church, and had a singing school, after which he started on a traveling tour through the west with a dramatic company, during which tour his wife made her *debut* on the stage as Norah in the "Poor Soldier." Mr. Smith made his bow in New Orleans in the fall of 1827, at the American Theatre, Camp street, as Billy Lackaday in "Sweethearts and Wives," and his wife as Diana Vernon in "Rob Roy." At the close of the season he traversed the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, appearing at the principal towns season after season until the spring of 1835, when he bent his steps towards the gay metropolis once more, appearing as Mawworm in "The Hypocrite," at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, 1835. On the 15th of the same month he opened in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre as Mawworm.

In 1853 he abandoned theatrical management and all connection with the stage, and turned his attention to the practice of law in St. Louis. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Missouri State Convention, as an unconditional Union man, and in that body bore a part in erecting a provisional government for the State. As an actor he enjoyed a reputation second to none in America, his *forte* being low comedy. To witness his illustration of those characters for which he was so deservedly celebrated, was an event in the life of any man. There was something so peculiarly remarkable in the formation of his features—in the expression of his laughter—loving eye, and in the curve of his mouth, that arrested the attention and riveted upon himself the gaze of almost every individual he met. It is said that he never padded or laced, although he might have been suspected of doing both, for he was extremely particular about his personal appearance on or off the stage; proud of his hair and his nails, and, when he laughed, you could count every tooth he had in his head. As a social companion his temperament was genial, and he possessed a most kindly disposition. As a humorist he was of no mean pretensions, as his contributions to the press are widely known and greatly relished. In 1845, as a recreation, he prepared and published a volume of autobiographical character, entitled "Sol Smith's Theatrical Apprenticeship;" also, one entitled "The Theatrical Journey Work and Anecdotal Recollections of Sol Smith," which were republished in